



A black and white political cartoon. The scene is depicted with heavy, expressive hatching. In the center, a person's arm and hand are shown from the side, pulling down a street lamp post. The lamp head is detached and hangs by a single wire. The background consists of dark, swirling lines suggesting wind or a storm. In the bottom right corner, there is a dark, jagged rectangular shape containing the text "Streetlamp Warfare." in a bold, sans-serif font.

Streetlamp Warfare.

LOVE BUNNI PRESS IT



Words : R.jxp.

Music : Dean, Mullin, Piche',
Weatherman.

Cover : Dan Cease.

Recorded & Mixed : Martin Hannett

Strawberry Studios, Stockport.

Engineered : Kurt Albini.

Band Photo : Erin Joseph.

Distributed by Mordam.

For, ta : Horst Muller, K. Hanna, Ed Gorey, Curtis Borton,
Asshole Weakly, Ukari Nakotomi, The Pyramid Club, MES, Five
suns, WCSB (hiya Jon) & WRUW (hiya Max), Cleveland Asylum for
Shut-Ins, Integ One Life Crew, Brainwashed Youth, the Crumbs,
Team Phats, and of course Jane Whitman. We love you all!!

REMEMBER D.N.A. 5/6.

I.

"the SENSE OF RISK ONE CAN
HEAR IN PUNK IS A Distrust OF
the PUNK MOVEMENT ITSELF.

IT IS THE WILL TO SAY
EVERYTHING CUT WITH THE
· SUSPICION ·

THAT TO SAY EVERYTHING MAYBE
WORTH NOTHING."

- g. Marcus.

Punk rock is a terrible thing to have to always answer to, the Tired-Old Man looked at his shoes. The night air felt warm, the first wave of summer had begun its regimental approach.

The Little-Eared Boy snapped the plastic lid off his styrofoam tea cup, I don't feel that I do.

Nonsense, you do feel a need to constantly bring it up as an excuse and justification for your actions or lack thereof. You are constantly talking about punk rock.

I am just pointing things out to you.

My point exactly.

They sipped their tea. The Little-Eared Boy broke the thin wooden stirring stick near the middle. The Tired-Old Man licked his lips, I just feel that you are excluding certain options of potential action and interpretations due to this preoccupation you harbour. It appears that you are trying so hard to conform to your mental expectation of what is "Punk Rock" that you actually miss out on being punk rock.

Your regrets are not my concern.

The Tired-Old Man drilled his surprised eyes into the red face of the Little-Eared Boy. My regrets, as you call them, have nothing to do with punk rock.

The Little-Eared Boy's laugh caused the table of medical students to look up from their complicated diagrams.

The Tired-Old Man grabbed his cup of tea with an angry vigor, my regrets are based in the fact that I may have neglected certain avenues of study and interest, if for whatever reason - whether it have been on account of say my involvement in punk rock or a more general short-sightedness on my own behalf. I have been rather immature during periods of my life. One of the most immature was when I was submerged within the punk rock scene, it is true, but I can not say that my bad experience has solely tainted my opinion of that movement. In fact,

You involvement, The Little-Eared Boy crumpled his wooden stick in half again, in punk rock made you the person you are today. As many doors you feel it closed there have been that many opened. Your ego is in your

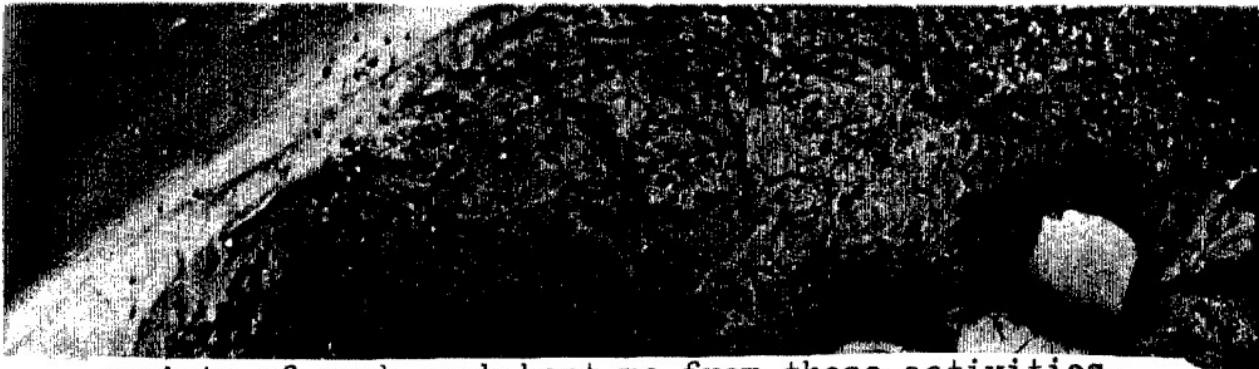
way again.

Listen, punk rock might have helped me through difficult periods of my early adolescence, but my continued involvement beyond the socially stratified hallways of high school has only hindered my evolution.

Bullshit. Your decisions were made by you without the mediation of a stupid movement that held no more power over you than any other of your stupid little social circles. Punk rock offered you

Only inherent scorn. Punk rock kept me from exploring certain topics and kept me from pursuing certain opportunities for experimental action. The





society of punk rock kept me from these activities. More than any other social group I have been apart of, punk rockers hold the most closed-minded attitudes and are the most dogmatic when it comes to accepting any deviations. I was thusly held back.

Nothing held you back but yourself, in your never ending quest for complete acceptance you have always held to the strictest of each imaginary code. If I remember correctly, you were the Punkest of the Punk. You were the epitome of Punk Rock, everything you did was so self-consciously Punk. In fact, you created that close-mindedness that you claim held you back. Can't you see

What I see is my friend praying to an imaginary god,

defending the yoke of an oppressive, culturally accepted form of sanctioned rebellion, destruction, and immaturity. I am rather disappointed to see your idealism still infused with the language of that dead system. Punk Rock is now expected by society.

NirvanaPrealJamRollinsBand have seen that your rebellion could be easily marketed to mall rats. I see you as holding on to the vestiges of a risen god, one that will slay you in order to save you. I see



you denying your potential by emersing yourself within the safety of this pre-constructed society. In other words, your irresponsibility and lack of physical control are now understood by everyone and only that more easily excused.

Bullshit. The Little-Eared Boy bubbled into the steaming sea of his tea.

The Tired-Old Man suddenly didn't seem so tired. I mean that when you act "stupidly" or out of control, society is not threatened any longer because they can

point at you saying "That is Punk Rock." They understand to the point that they have dismissed the true potentiality and meaning of your actions. They have understood and through their understanding, not only misunderstood but also corrupted. You no longer own punk rock. It has become a terrible monster to have to answer to, do you understand?

Absolutely. You are a bitter, drug-addicted intellectual. And once again, you have become the



perfect bitter, drug-addicted intellectual. No matter what you claim about society's interpretations of punk rock, it remains at its core what it has always been. It does not matter one tiny bit what they think, it only matters what I mean. Punk rock has made me the asshole I am tonight and yes, I will continue to use its dead language. Simply because I hold the opinion that Punk Rock was dead the day it transformed my life, yet I was transformed - regardless. I trust in

the ability of the movement and its language to divert eyes and corrupt innocent souls.

You are then, a fool the Tired-Old Man suddenly seemed very old to the Little-Eared Boy who likewise seemed suddenly very young to the Tired-Old Man. Neither one of them had any more to say having realized that they fundamentally disagreed and that further discussion would only mean a furthering of that disagreement.

That Little-Eared Boy's tea must be very sweet thought the Tired-Old Man.



II.

"WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN? She did NOT
KNOW, BUT DEVOTING HER ENTIRE LIFE
TO WAITING, HER IMPATIENCE
MELTED INTO THE GENERAL HOPE OF
PARTICIPATING IN A GENERAL
CATACLYSM IN WHICH, AT THE
SAME TIME AS THE BEINGS
THEMSELVES, THE DISTANCE WHICH
SEPARATES BEINGS
WOULD BE DESTROYED."

- M. Blanchot.

Don't look at my butt. Jenn whispered as the afternoon winter sun crept along the cathair carpet. Her light blue sweatpants were tightly hugging her grinding hips, slightly pulled down due to the vigorous motions of her left hand. Don't look at my butt, you fucking pervert.

I'm leaving. He began to untangle himself from the intricate layering of bedding. Jenn's right arm groped awkwardly in a muted effort to grab onto him. Any bit of him. Freed from the warm oozing life of his bed, he straightened his fannel shirt. Jordan stood looking at the sea of white lace, contemplating how much he disliked marshmallows. He slipped his sneakers on.

Where are you going? She purred enjoying a slight wave of pleasure from her active fingers dancing. Jenn's dark green eyes burned out at him from under her long reddish-brown mane. You look like a horse after you come. He was gone. She heard the copper bolt lock boltlock shut. She licked the moist wrinkled surface of her fingers one by one, he really is a fucking prick.

Outside Jordan made for the coffee shop, not really

expecting to run into anyone but kind of sad at the thought that he might not. Funny thing Snow, hardsoft liquid god's tears popcycles of course pollution was the reason why mother always scolded me at the sledding hill wouldn't be so intolerable but the damned wind regardless beautiful day i can even feel every hair on this body poised in instinctual protective duty Darwin's buried at Westminster, stood on his grave even with the red ropes and stren looks Darwin the fruit puking over the Beagle's bow the Captain must have been rather disappointed had one in every port though I bet the fucking dog Paths across Eternity that Sun burns us all.

Inside the coffee house stood Destiny. Holding a mocca/java concoction, curve-liped pretension. In her hippy sack she stowed all of her nothing. A book by Sade, which some crazy boy had given her hoping she'd live up to it. A notebook of dancing words, smeared ink, lumping collages - all begging to be seen or read aloud. What's the use, they think arms tightly flung around themselves. Ten paper dollars, two dimes, four nickles

and ten pennies, one bottle of perfume, three tampons, five hair constraints, two pens (one black with and one green without a cap), a tube of ky jelly, a straw from the Detroit Denny's, a bunched up set of eight napkins (two used), her hardbound address book (whose thirty-seven pages were tattered and unreadable - but filled to capacity), two cassette tapes, point one ounce of lint, four point six peices of assorted unchewed gum, a stale pack of fourteen Chesterfields, three movie ticket stubs, two books and one box of matches, a broken handled hairbrush which she never used, and of course an oral condom.

Dean watched with hungry, schizophrenic eyes, Destiny place a lid upon the styrofoam cup. The first one she tried was way too small. Nope, try again dawling. She did as he instructed. The new choice fit perfectly, well as nicely as those things should. Destiny paused

willing to demonize himself.

surveying the landscape, should she maybe smoke? Dean knew all about her, how much she liked Good'n'Plenty candies, how as a small tyke she would beg for a large peice of cake (the corner peice with the most frosting maybe even the purple flower), how she washed her back in the shower without the wash cloth. Dean knew.

Jordan brought in a cold burst of winter's air with him as he closed the painted glass door, the burst ran about the warm coffee house. nice ass one dollar seven boring hot tea no taste stomach cramp forgot to shave today didn't shower been in these clothes for same two days laundry day down the shoot send the kitty pretty kitty meow she purrs damn purring horse dime and knuckle knickle and dumb my kingdom who art on paper hallow be thine yes nono-no make it a double scotch and a shot of burbon god grant me the

Destiny. Sat down.

Jenn electrified the dreamscape. SomeWhere In A Small White Dress, With No UnderPants Beneath, The Young Girl Twirls About. All The Boys Sit On The Hill, Watching. They Are Too Far Away Removed Behind Twigged Ant

Mounds To See Anything. Anything Other Than Suggestive Dark Shadows. But They Rub All The Same That Bulging Extended Orifice. Together. Alone. She Twirls. Air Dancing Between Her Sweet Glistening Thighs. Dizzy Smile the Clouds Whirling DirtDust Swurling thumbnails Curling.

Dean's movement of time perspired the room. His large dirty hands molded the newsprint in front of his eyes, nothing could stop this mad creation. This maddenly impossible entrapment. The deadwhite spaces captured between the blurred black edges of the lettered marks scrawled on the paper in front of him, snared Dean's eyed attention. Twisted maze through which continance became impossible. No logical sense, can't have anything to do with any of it. Not that there might not have been a time when such a game such a mistake would have been enjoyable, but these days, well these days are just too tight. Why don't she take off that sweater. maybe...

"jordan." the jury's still out could be a hungjury well hung like a nevermind she is is she fingers dance too much cant be healthy can it consider all the

evidence fluidstains mother saw believe me nothing
doing allnighters little deaths night terrors monster
screams bumthumpybumping living end walk the streets at
night twenty eyelet bobbed her hair that night
following dyed it red whitefaced flush words she
chants too many mantras vomitstomach shell roll over
all sexyeyes yumyummmyum fucking hate her wearing boxer
shorts dishwashing reading confessions on the couch
laughing at the dirty bits fisting peeing in the tub
the beauty in photocopy glare glistening abhorrence
she makes me physically ill speeding jeep varoom escape
impossible fool for.

Deer eyed, she rummages through her bag. Notebook emerges, sliding across the dirty tabletop. Over dried wet coffee, shoving aside ashedcigarettes. Left hand lost in fabricbag, pen digging. Right hand rests on blank crumpled page. Pack of stale cigarettes and smeary pen. Hair should be pulled back, thinks she.


Harriet thinks Tammy was probably "raped" or "seduced". She thinks no nice girl would want to do a thing like that. She is wrong. Nice girls do have sexual urges and do enjoy sex. Nice girls who like sex need information, not prohibitions.



"Destiny takes a cigarette and puts it in her mouth. She gently pulls on a finger then another finger then on delicate cigarette. The waterwall is calling, it lingers then she decides to forget. Destiny realizes that the clock waits so patiently upon the scribbling of her song. Her boy will walk by the cafe, she knows he wouldn't eat having lived too long. Ono Nono. She can't break the snarling as her pen stumbles across the page. The poem breaks instead and wallowing runs for home. His words, "Don't let the sun blast your shadow. Don't let the milkfloat ride your mind, its so natural religiously unkind...Ono. Never alone." Destiny watched herself. Always so unfair. She got her hair all tangled up but she didn't seem to care. Wonderful. Sheawunderfull. Never ever alone. Hold my hand. Darling pen blotted page. Strings. Of. Words. Wonderful suicidal habit, her penmanship.

as the kiss
lying next to his gentle body
her arms locked around his chest
his eyes like the fires of summer
beckoned her mouth to his
velvet lips upon velvet lips
they kissed
the world melted slowly away
as she lost herself to the move
of his imperfect lips dancing with
hers her heart fluttered its
surrender . . . she was his

yet he hesitates
he pulls gently away
so that she may look upon
his bewildered face
the lighted moments of seconds ago
overcast by the fear ✯
that she has conquered
 ✯ his heart



Dean Bolted Up. His furrowed brow beaten by the english dictatorship of langauge. Dean ripped off a corner of the newsprinted paper. Took the paper shard and stuck it deep in his tight pants pocket. Save that one for dinner. Muse of my life, pot pie or hot tamoles, how much for a bag of chips? CHEEPS. Brushing back his stocking cap, tattered jacket replaced. Dean moved into the sight of god. Cold! Makes me know I am Alive! damnit.

Jordan's fingers heavily drummed the tabletop. He rubbed his eyes. sleepY? he just woke up. His thoughts were consumed with the sight of Jenn's drippywet underwear clinging to the fleshyfolds of her exposed crotch. Her well-defined thigh stressed in a muscular flex, a taut happy spasm. Her upper teeth bit into the lower portion of her lower lip. He sat in her mother's white wicker chair watching Jenn twist her right nipple. Her shirt unbuttoned and her skirt in a bunch on the floor. Nothing for him to do but feel his cock expand, praying that her mother won't walk into the sun room again. Jenn's back arched, her feet flew together as she purred out a slight little moan.

He thrust the unbent paperclip into the dry skin between his thumb and forefinger. Her skin glistened in the sun. Her underwear landed at his feet. Fuck Me. She sighed.

Destiny emerged from the toilet holding her hands together. Destiny walked past Jordan's slumping table mannerisms, his glassyblankeyed stare, his slight wintercool body oder. Destiny really only noticed his vividly stained red shirt. Should she call him? Destiny passed the pay phone. He wouldn't be home from work yet. Destiny's watch confirmed that it was still a payroll hour. Destiny fell heavily back into the wooden embrace of the coffee house chair. The sight of the table depressed her - the moccava/java was cold and crusty, her notebook mocked her , the smoldering plastic ashtray all swept her under a tightly woven melancholy rug. Destiny felt the pressure of holding back tears.

Jordan's head rested in his chapped hands. When was the last dream? it is very important yes eye believe not even eye am here all the time this implies that

there might be maybe experiences which happen to me . without the mediation of my self just as there exist instances of experience which will never be communicated to even the best of friends there is so much occurring all constantly eye will not be expected to account for my involvement can eye can I explainationsdefinitions itisthespacebetweenthatintriquesmehowcanirelatetoitall Simply i do no longer think i can Jordan's head rested heavily in his winterchapped hands.

The painful screaming of the household phone yanked Jenn out of the slumbering fields in which she joyfully danced. By the time she had orientated herself and had somewhat uncomfortably repositioned her body so that she might actually reach the phone's receiver, the answering machine had answered the call. Jenn looked up at the blue celing. When will it all end she thought as her teeth awkwardly bit at her cuticles. When will share that drink and step outside, hold on to that greasy paper bag like our lives depended upon it. What have you got in that paper bag? Time. Plenty of. Way Ting waayting. Jenn's sigh was deep and long.

Jordan's coat heavily hugged his broken shoulders. Forever he walked. Eventually, home. Destiny meticulously collected her talismen, magickal trinkets, and conjouring devices with a quick glance backward, she disappeared into the daylight. Dean wandered, wondering, what might become of him. Brooding evenly and without trouble.

The boltlock released. Jenn, whose lips sucked on the sweetburning joint, remembered his name. She heard his gentle footfalls as he puttered about the kitchen. Smelling the bubbling water, Jenn stroked circles around her bellybutton. Jordan leaned against the counter staring at the filthy corner tile where the catbox had sat, rottingly filled with shit and piss. Outside, as snow quietly covered the concrete landscape, a small child paced back and forth - back and forth muttering some childhood prayer imploring the winter gods to facilitate a snow day.

III.

"I'M PRE-INDUSTRIAL. ONE
OF THE ONLY MODERN
INVENTIONS THAT HAS VALUE TO
ME IS DYNAMITE.
BEFORE THAT ALL THE
TOOLS THAT I NEEDED
WERE THERE."

- J. COLEMAN.

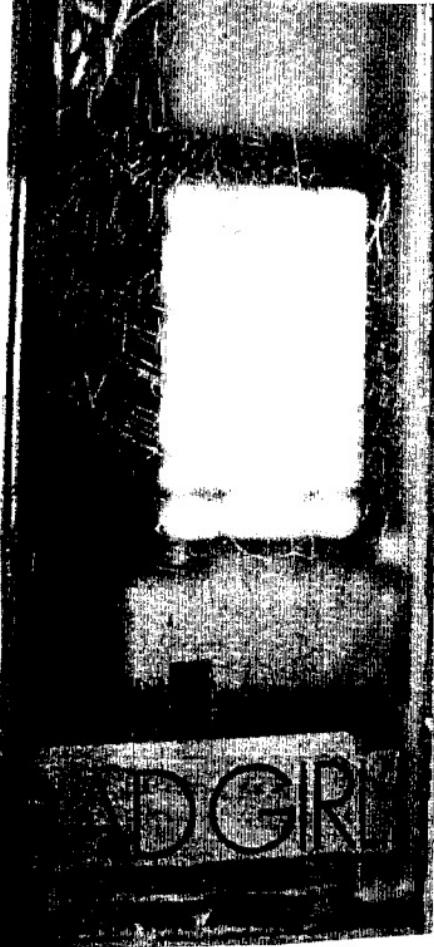
There exists a votex. There exists a void. There exists
a wasted abyss. Not to induce slumber, she wiggles her
toes. Painted violet. Swimming in voices she swims.

Encounter. Tragic parties, dance inane. How long has it

been, too long. Wandering from cushion to cushion
uncomfortable slightly. Lamplight streets, buzzing as
she ambles home. Destination. Farther
than here from there. Travels alone she

does. Fingers on lace hips,

smile porcelain.



Even with the X between her eyes, even with her head shaved clean and her clothes gone to rags from living on the sidewalk, Squeaky had a bright, endearing look that could sadden and perplex the passerby. Lost as she was in her mad allegiance, Squeaky looked so happy she could cry. Of all the Manson women, she was the most intelligent, the most cordial and pleasant, the one who could laugh now and then and remember people's names and not always ask for spare change and cigarettes, the one whose presence one most sorely regretted among that hopeless coven camped out at Broadway and Temple. In her months around the courthouse she became the favorite, almost the pet, of reporters, lawyers and police. The vigil was her only vocation, and she kept it long after Manson and the three girls had been sent to prison. When she finally departed after almost two years, it was only to be closer to Manson.

The gun is pointed, Your Honor. Whether it goes off is up to you all.

—Squeaky at her arraignment, Sept. 11, 1975

NEXT TIME WE'LL DRAW BLOOD.

No one was alarmed to read these threats. No one was inclined to meet the authors. Squeaky and Sandy were familiar Sacramento characters, known around town as the only members of the Manson Family who had neither gone to prison nor wised up. Looking cuter than they knew in their witchy costumes, they were always up to something grim and pathetic. Squeaky and Sandy were just Charlie's nuns, the harmless carriers of a lapsed disease.



Afraid, with all my books, my dictionary, my eye makeup clutched to me, I sat on a bench staring at the ocean. Suddenly, an elfish, dirty-looking creature in a little cap hopped over the low wall, grinning, saying "What's the problem?" He was either old or very young, I couldn't tell. He had a two-day beard and reminded me of a fancy bum. I had the strangest feeling that he knew my thoughts. "Up in the Haight I'm called the gardener," he said. "I tend to all the flower children."



We Will
Never
Forget!

CUTE BAND ALERT



JUNE SASSY 45

Most girls I know would rather wear jeans than a skintight dress, and I know quite a few boys who find the mere thought of my Birkenstocks more repulsive than a doody sandwich. I had a theory that boys and girls have very different tastes, and wanted to prove it, so

BRATMOBILE

Pettymouth

(KILL ROCK STARS) ****

Not in recent memory have I enjoyed anything as much as Bratmobile's stellar new album, their first full-length recording. I was already familiar with their body of work, since they were in our first all-girl Cute Band Alert, and guitarist Erin Smith subsequently became our Washington, DC, bureau chief. But I fell in love all over again with their surfy guitar, rhythmic drumming and angry vocals, and found their near-constant cursing and dysfunctional wailing a pleasure to behold. Their songs are about defying things, most of them male. Most. Alison, their singer, is truly deranged and inspired. They really know how to make a lot of noise with just three people. Plus they are not without a sense of humor. Bratmobile could not be more dear to my heart. **Mary Ann**

SASSY SPEAKS FOR D
SASSY SPEAKS FOR D
SASSY SPEAKS FOR D

CO. OF MY GRRLFRIEND.PUNK.Rock

I am deeply distressed by people who say unconcernedly: "We have adjusted to the machine." I want to feel sure that any adjustment is for the good. I am working for a world where man will use far more machines, but they will only be slaves to his wishes.

Day in, year out,

you're better off

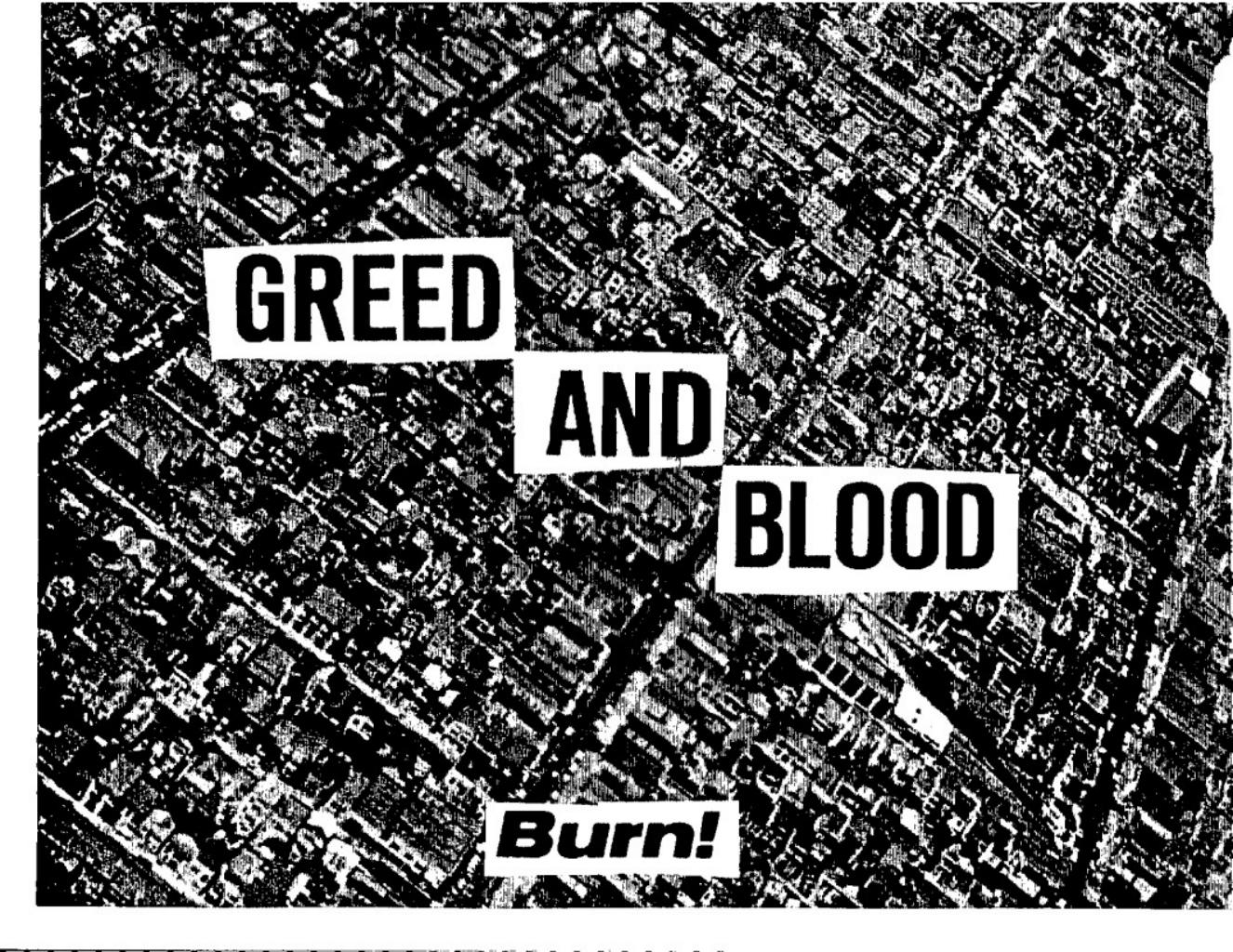
SHOOT AT COPS



BLOODSHED

Gunfire is a leading cause of death for children. By best estimates, an average of 40 a day are killed or wounded by bullets.

NOT KIDS.

The background of the image is a high-contrast, black-and-white aerial photograph of a city. The city's layout is clearly visible as a dense grid of streets and buildings, creating a textured, almost abstract pattern.

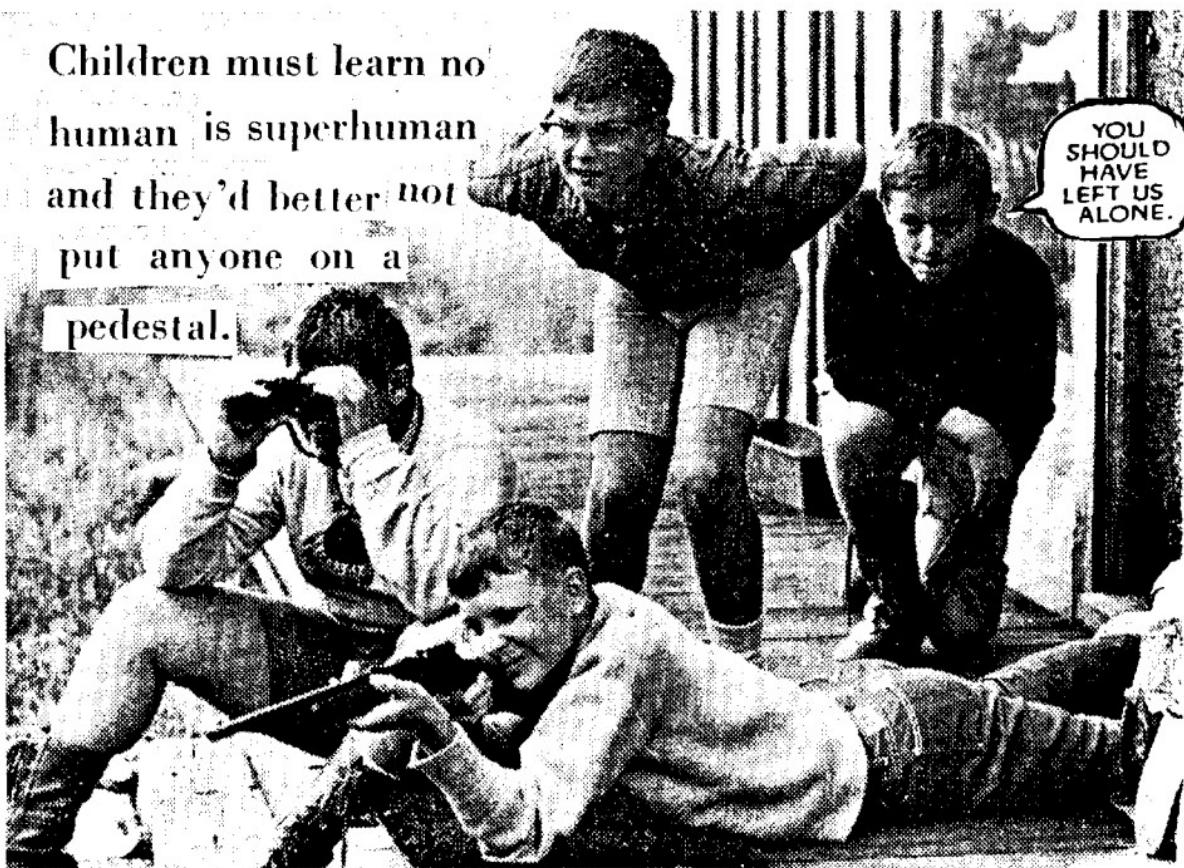
GREED

AND

BLOOD

Burn!

**Children must learn no
human is superhuman
and they'd better not
put anyone on a
pedestal.**



Fight with Plastic

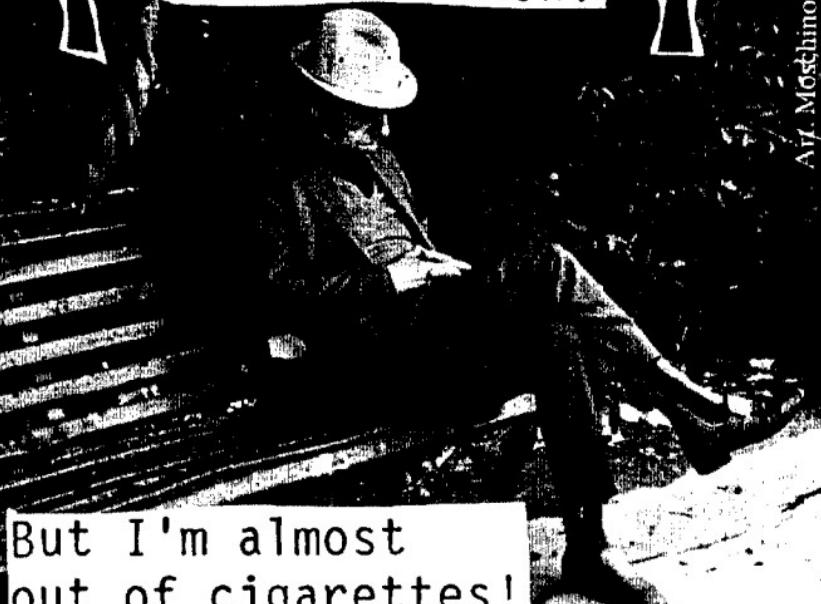
convenience.

The little neighbor girl that Timmy undressed told her mother. Her mother called the police.

REVOLUTION NOW?



A.H. Moschino / Sironi



**But I'm almost
out of cigarettes!**

Refute & Desist!

Bombs in His Icebox

VIRTUAL VISIONARIES
SIMULATED CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

**BACK OFF
PIG!
POWER TO
THE
PEOPLE!**

**SMASH THE STATE IN THE PRIVACY
OF YOUR OWN HOME!**

Against



IV.

"thus HE BECOMES UNHISTORICAL
IN the DEEPEST SENSE AND
HAS ESTRANGED HIMSELF
FROM the MASS
OF MEN Who LIVE ENTIRELY
WITHIN the BOUNDS OF
TRADITION. HE STANDS BEFORE A
VOID OUT OF WHICH ALL
THINGS MAY GROW."

- C.G. JUNG.

To Begin in Cleveland.

Understand. Please, that Our Boy was dying. Walking that fine fenced line between childhood and adulthood, Our Boy was dying. Suffocating. Unable to breathe, Our Boy sought advice. Inquiring questions were posed to everyone who he came into contact with. Many felt useful as a result. But. Our Boy remained Lost. Confused Wilderness. Redwoods of Contradiction. Tie him to.

To live in Panic. Possibility that one might truly be missing something. Nothing ever happens while one is present, so it flows that Everything always happens while one is absent. Try to never be away? Attempt to constantly be there. Here? Problem : Nothing happens all ways. Result : NonWitness.



Our Boy had no name. Our Boy was more than all that, more or less power(less)ful. Our Boy shuffled from out behind shower curtains through cars doors into sticky plastic chairs : brushing his teeth often to chewing on splitting wooden toothpicks to swishing hot tealiquid down his phlegmy throat. Our Boy had nothing other to do, yet he was never...Simply waiting. Waiting for the moment when he might not be absent.

To be benign in Cleveland. The Spanking Princess huddled deep in a bodywarm corner of Our Boy's bedroom. Her eyes darted open and shut, masking intolerant intrigue. The Sun never shines here. Our Boy has been told that he is in love with her, this magnanimous Spanking Princess. Our Boy understands that he has been told. He might someday make up his mind to attempt to understand such an understanding. Typically, he slides alongside the whole predicament. Occasionally the Sun does come out. If only for a few slight hours.

To be a Pawn. Our Boy, manipulated by the mythological sexuality of the Betrothed Mistress, has been awaken, transformed into a chesspeice. Tossed from

square to square, Our Boy enjoys this Kafkarian misfortune, looming. The playground, filled by the maze of sticky plastic chairs, has never been more exciting. Flirting with destruction seems to be the order. Maybe his hair is too healthy. Midnight stroll in search of bleach.

On one hand, Our Boy might slip into the responsible grownup world where he would be admired for his charms and wet puckering boss-kissing lips. While on that other hand, all together, Our Boy rolls about on the toy store floor shooting orange machine guns and playing with the notion of homemade facial tatoos. What Our Boy knows for Real? There may never BE a woman.

Holm. To-nite, the lather of hand lotion greatly confronts and consoles. To-marrow's part teas ling her inn flying jizz. Seconds before imminent blindness, Our Boy scribbles down a crude (obscene) drawing of himself kneeling before a Virgin. Mary. Mother of whores, bleeding crotchless, holy cunt pray for all Loss (lost). Kneel before. Kneel after. Perpetual genuflection. Lowered Eternal.

To answer a phone. Never get out. Our Boy must be



led by the hand where(when)ever he goes. Spending twenty dollars at each and every stop. Not paralysis, simply feared boredom. Running low on morale, Our Boy hides his shame behind masked intrigue. Dreaming of Utopia.

Tiny. bloated. Erections. The Betrothed Mistress straddles Our Boy. Her dark mane cascading lightly brushing against fair skin. Her legs tightly contract as her tongue glides through her...Our Boy giggles at the absurdity of such communication. Confused thought races past each Single experience, each sensation never increases, the sickness only lessens. Our Boy understands stroking, kissing, and fondling. Pulsing blood.

To live as Chaos. To birth a dancing star? To hold a moonbeam. Justice, an expert as well, stands aloof. Justice's hidden face goads Our Boy. Why? springs forth with a parrythrust but Our Boy's boot stomps heavily upon such foolishness. Inquires shall never be led by traitors. Victory shall never be surmounted when heralded by traitors. Our Boy understands Why.

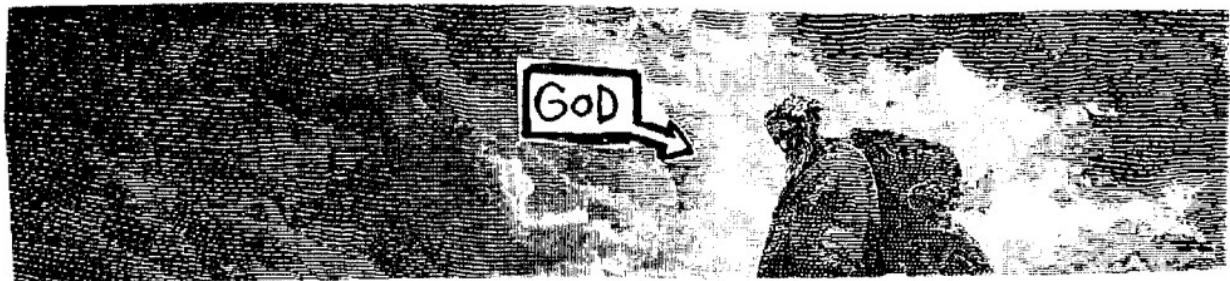
The Bethrothed Mistress embraces our Boy deeply. Resembles salvation. Death. Moments of monsterous dipair, bewildering horror grips Our Boy just as she withdraws. Tauntingly close to intimacy, reminders of isolation. His. War rages. His. With cardboard surrounding his face he trots, horseless, at invisible wall-less fortresses. Ideological combat. Our Boy, cynically slays notions. Of notion's bleeding. Confining himself. Inaction. Too many dead ideas, corpses excuse Our Boy's immaturity. Forget all that he once said. God's favorite hypocrite. Our Boy.



Scream alive. Live. Crash through, emptiness. Mockery of life, consume the image (imagination) of Life. Dance with the prettiest of girls while he cannot speak. Juggling career, baby, and wife while trapped on a Rocky Mountain vacation, Fated? Immune death. Image constructed by survivors. By Life's impassioned defenders. Belong to me. Only that elusive absent moment. Authentically. Come on me.

Devilish plaything. Mature Toyng. games. sexydeath. Habitual Ritual. Jolly great fun. Walk alone. Voided comfortable? Our Boy awake tonight, foreverandever. Cry inane (insane) motherless unimportant whining scheming don't call here anymore (nevermore) melodramatic aliens. Our Boy desires disporia. Scatter the ashes. Throw his roses. Wanna go for a slice?

Fuck yeah.





LEM
BUN
Press
Fest
2000
Pisa